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MRS. EDWARD'S PINEAPPLE GARDEN AT INANDA. (See page 442.)

Life and Light

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No. 10

Before this number of LIFE AND LIGHT is in the hands of its readers, the machinery for the great "October Campaign" will have been set in THE SIMULTANEOUS motion. From a multitude of villages, towns and CAMPAIGN. cities there will be countless prayers ascending from true and earnest-hearted women, asking for the blessing of God upon the efforts to be put forth, by which it is hoped to win many women for membership in our missionary societies, many readers for our missionary periodicals, many new local organizations of women and children in churches not hitherto identified directly with the Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions.

For this is the initial step in this forward march which is to signalize the Post-Jubilee year: To pray. To pray definitely, unitedly, persistently and humbly for success in this task to which Christian women are summoned by the voice of their Leader, who said so long ago to a woman, "Go tell—that I am risen from the dead."

For what will avail plans and committee work, machinery and advertising if the Spirit of the living God be not within the wheels? So that the very beginning of the campaign must be the cry from many hearts, "If *Thou* go not with us carry us not up hence." Then will come the assurance, "Certainly I will be with thee; fear not nor be afraid," and armed with "the panoply of prayer," the King's messengers will go out, two by two, to seek "the other woman,"—the busy, active woman who loves the church and the Head of the church but who has not yet heeded the words of the Master about "the other sheep" who must be brought before there can be "the one fold and the one Shepherd"; to seek as well the woman who has not yet found her Saviour but who may find him in the very act of trying to tell others of the "Light of the World"; to seek also the boys and girls who are eager to hear, ready to listen, generous to give, if they may only be gathered and trained by some one who is full of love for Christ's little ones wherever they are found. They will seek also to add new readers to the company of those already interested

in the modern "Acts of the Apostles" now being lived by brave women as well as by brave men, as these "Acts" are recorded in the missionary magazines of to-day, and they will strive to enlist little companies of women in lonely places and inspire them to start a missionary reading circle, a mission study class, or a meeting for prayer which shall remember the needs of the foreign field. They will plead, too, with busy city churches where the women declare that "there are too many organizations now," and lead them to see that however many the interests which engross their attention and command their purse strings, their horizon is too narrow, their vision too limited unless they take the Far Look. They will point out the fields white unto the harvest and the pitiful paucity of laborers and means, but they will dwell longest upon the growing power of the Christian's message and its triumphant sufficiency for starving, suffering motherhood and childhood, if only the gospel good news may be taken to them by loving, willing feet.

What your share in this Simultaneous Campaign is to be, dear reader, you and your Lord will decide. There is a wide field and room for a diversity of gifts.

A circular letter from the Woman's Board has touched the electric button in all our Branches,—the bells are ringing in your homes.

When you are asked to serve by the local committees you will have your answer ready, and we are sure it will *not* be "I pray thee have me excused."

Sixteen years ago, 1895-1896, the honored home secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions, Miss Abbie B. Child, accompanied by her A WOMAN'S BOARD sister, made the tour of the world, visiting the DEPUTATION. sions of the American Board. Since that time no deputation work has been done by the officers of the Woman's Board, with the exception of a visit to the mission in Spain in 1907 by Miss Lamson and Miss Day.

It is therefore a great pleasure to announce that once again these friends and Board officers, Miss Lamson, the foreign secretary, and Miss Day, the treasurer, are about to visit some of the missions of the American Board. Sailing from Boston, on the Franconia, September 19th, *en route* for India, they plan to spend some weeks in the Ceylon, Madura and Marathi Missions. Early in 1912 they will reach Turkey where they will join the American Board deputation and give several months to a thorough study of the work of the missions of that country,

and will later attend the conference of missionaries to be held in Constantinople. The expenses of this trip are met from sources outside of the Board treasury.

During Miss Lamson's extended absence her work will be in charge of Miss Calder, associate secretary.

News by cable of the sudden death of Miss Nellie N. Russell, August 22d, brought sorrow to the hearts of all who know of her beautiful life and

A WAVE remarkable work for the Chinese women and girls of Peking OF SORROW. and vicinity. Miss Russell was born in Michigan, but resided for a few years in Ludlow, Vt., where her strong Christian character is remembered by many. She was educated at Northfield Seminary and was for five years engaged in city missionary work in connection with the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago. In 1890 she went to teach in the Bridgman School, Peking, as a missionary of the Woman's Board of the Interior. For more than twenty years she has been a devoted, untiring worker, engaged during these later years in direct evangelistic work. A fuller account of Miss Russell's work will be given next month. Her last printed utterance, in the September number of LIFE AND LIGHT, page 429, "Wayside Gleanings," closed with these words which seem now fraught with comfort to her friends in Peking, where the happy missionary circle is so sadly broken by her going from them: "Weary and heavy laden, come. Ah, the Master knew the heart-need of all men; he can and does satisfy that need."

What young woman is ready to enter into Miss Russell's abundant labors and continue "Telling the Gospel Message," to the heavy laden woman hearts of China? Miss Reed's article, describing Miss Russell's work, in LIFE AND LIGHT for December, 1910, has a new interest in view of the sudden silencing of this voice.

Following close upon these tidings from China, came the death of Rev. Theodore S. Lee, which occurred August 24th in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York. Mr. Lee, the son of Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Lee of Springfield, Mass., married Hannah Hume, the daughter of Dr. R. A. Hume of Ahmednagar, and they went to India as missionaries of the American Board, sailing in 1903. Their work at Satara during this one brief term of service has been of a kind, that from our human standpoint, cannot be spared, and the shock occasioned by the earthly closing of this useful, vigorous life, has been felt keenly throughout a large circle of relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have been supported by the

church in White Plains, N. Y., and it is Mrs. Lee's wish to return to the Marathi Mission, where she was born, taking with her her two children, and to carry on her husband's work.

And still another blow fell in that same week when Roland Wright, son of Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Wright of Parral, Mexico, was drowned at Goshen, Mass., on August 22d. He was a young man of unusual promise, just ready to enter Harvard College, and the terrible suddenness of the news as it came to his parents and to an almost twin brother, saddened many who did not know him personally.

Well is it in the midst of these waves of distress if the stricken hearts can say, "*He knoweth* the way that I take. When He has tried me I shall come forth as gold."

Miss Helen A. Meserve, who spent a few weeks with her family in Allston, Mass., this summer, has returned to the *Colegio Chihuahuense*, MISSIONARY Chihuahua, Mexico, where she will take up her duties as PERSONALS. *directora*. Miss Meserve went to Chihuahua in 1908 for a three years' term of service, but now returns under regular appointment as a missionary of the American Board. Miss Meserve is supported by the Suffolk Branch.



MISS COLE

A party sailing from Boston, September 13th on the *Romanic*. included two welcome recruits for the work of the Woman's Board in Turkey.

Miss Nellie Alice Cole, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Cole, for so many years missionaries of the American Board in Bitlis, has been under appointment for more than a year, but has been detained by illness. She goes now to Trebizond, Western Turkey, where she will superintend the kindergartens and assist Mrs. Lyndon S. Crawford in her

many-sided work for women and children. Miss Cole has been assigned to the Hartford Branch.

Miss Helen A. Curtis, a graduate of Wellesley College and later secretary of the Y. W. C. A. there, is to assist in the Anatolia Girls' School at Marsovan. Miss Curtis is from Berkshire County, Mass., and a graduate of the North Adams High School. The Marsovan circle will be enriched by her coming.

Miss Annie M. Barker, returning to her loved work at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople, after long detention for health reasons in this country, and Miss Cora A. Welpton, W. B. M. I. of the Marash Girls' College faculty, were also of this number.

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Pye, for Marsovan, and Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Ryan, new workers of the A. B. C. F. M., also sailed on the Romanic.

Letters from Sydney, Australia, contain the news of the arrival of Miss Jenny Olin of Kusaie, Micronesia, in that city, in a very critical condition. Miss Hoppin, who accompanied her, was obliged to return almost immediately to Kusaie, but all arrangements for Miss Olin's comfort and proper medical care were made at once and kind friends were found ready to assist Miss Hoppin in all possible ways. Miss Olin is in a private hospital and will not be able to continue her journey to the United States for some time.

Under these circumstances it is good to know that Miss Baldwin and her sister Miss Jane D. Baldwin, expect to sail from San Francisco, September 20th, *via* Sydney, for their new post on Kusaie. Their assistance in the girls' school at this time is a special providence to the little company there.

Other missionaries now *en route* are Miss Gwen Jones, going to her position as teacher in the Girls' Normal and High School, Madura, under the Woman's Board of Missions, in the company of her sister, Mrs. Frances Jones Lawson and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson will be stationed in Pasumalai. Miss Jones graduated from Oberlin College in June and is returning at once to the land of her birth. These two daughters of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Jones of Pasumalai, will be especially welcome just now as their father is suffering from a painful accident occasioned by a fall from his horse.

Among recent visitors at the Rooms, arriving for furlough, are Dr. and Mrs. Haskell, and their son's family, from the European Mission; also

Mrs. T. W. Woodside and Dr. and Mrs. William H. Sanders from West Africa.

A very prompt beginning, of what will doubtless be a very wide-spread "Post-Jubilee" work this autumn, was made in Essex, Mass., August 31st.



MISS CURTIS



MISS JONES

In the spacious "Orchard Home" of Mrs. David O. Mears, the officers of the Essex South Branch, the wives of the ministers of the local A "POST-JUBILEE" Conference, and the ladies of the Essex Auxiliary, were present by personal invitation at a reception and afternoon tea, to hear a stimulating address on Jubilee Visions by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody. The talented daughter of the house, Miss Helen Grinnell Mears, artistically rendered well-chosen songs. Mrs. Charles H. Daniels, president of our Board, spoke of elaborate plans for the Simultaneous Campaign in October and the president of the Essex South Branch applied the suggestions of both ladies to immediate appointments for definite action in the local churches.

L. B. H.

We again call attention to the new Campaign leaflets, free for distribution within our own territory, also to a new membership card for use in the Simultaneous Campaign. Prices and titles of leaflets may always be found on the last page of cover of LIFE AND LIGHT. The bulletin, issued by the Central Committee on United Study, with suggestions and counsel regarding the Campaign, may be obtained from Miss Hartshorn, or from Miss May Leavis, West Medford, Mass. (Price twenty cents a dozen at Board Rooms; larger quantities at less price.)

A review of the work of the "Colegio Chihuahuense," prepared from material furnished by Miss Mary L. Hammond, for ten years the efficient principal of this Girls' Boarding School in Chihuahua, Mexico, is now ready. As recent events in Mexico have called the attention of all Christian patriots to our sister Republic, this little illustrated leaflet is timely and should be circulated by all friends of this school, which at this time needs so urgently a new building and better equipment. An illustrated catalogue, sent by Miss Long of the "Colegio," showing the fine facilities and modern apparatus of the Chihuahua Public Schools, gives additional emphasis to the imperative need of thus improving our own plant in Chihuahua. (Price five cents.)

Two more of the folk-lore series are in press,— "In Gleam and Shadow of Chinese Folk Lore," by Mrs. Harlan P. Beach, and "Why African Mothers Fear," by Mrs. Amy Bridgman Cowles. Mrs. Cowles' "Flashlights into Zulu Homes" is also ready. This is a pamphlet, containing three true stories of life among the Zulus, portraying vividly the superstitions among which some of the poor, degraded children of the All Father still live. These stories give the life history of "Umtatane," still a

teacher in the Umzumbe Home; and describe the horrors of the witch doctor and the love charm, as still extant in Zululand. This is the leaflet advertized under the title of "Flashlights on Fetichism," in a previous number of LIFE AND LIGHT. (Price five cents each.)

"Our Medical Work in China," revised and expanded by Dr. Estella L. Perkins of Paoting-fu, and Dr. Henry D. Porter, formerly of China, will soon be on sale. New and attractive pictures increase the value of this useful little leaflet. (Price five cents.)

It is always helpful to see the literature of the other denominational Boards, and we desire to mention here the ample supply of leaflets, dealing with the new study book, which are to be obtained from the headquarters of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 36 Bromfield St., Boston. Among these is an attractive set of programs, with a picture of Christ, the Light of the World, on the cover, outlining the year's study in a very helpful way; also sets of questions and answers on Shintoism and Hinduism; stories of the "Samuella Series," and new and telling post cards especially adapted to this year's study. (Fifteen cents for set of eight.)

The first of the post-"World in Boston" exhibitions will be held in Providence, R. I., Sept. 21-Oct. 7, and an army of stewards are already "THE ORIENT IN PROVIDENCE." held in Infantry Hall and the setting will be most realistic. Scenes from Japan, China and Korea will be given, fully furnished with articles from the country represented. Home missions will also be demonstrated by pictures of work on the Frontier, in Labrador and among the American Indians. A Drill Hall, Hall of Methods and Hall of Religions will be among the features of this well-planned exhibition. H. D. Cotton and Frank W. Harold are respectively organizing and publicity secretaries and may be addressed at the Butler Exchange, Providence.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 18 TO AUGUST 18, 1911

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1910	\$4,450.26	\$22.60	\$116.00	\$2,430.90	\$7,019.76
1911	2,984.25	1,014.27	150.70	4,514.96	8,664.18
Gain		991.67	34.70	2,084.06	1,644.42
Loss	1,466.01				

FOR TEN MONTHS TO AUGUST 18, 1911

1910	83,123.64	11,893.30	2,471.50	40,920.80	138,409.24
1911	82,381.24	28,441.14	1,877.18	21,701.55	134,401.11
Gain		16,547.84			
Loss	742.40		594.32	19,219.25	4,009.13

THE JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY MARTHA E. PRICE

Frequent mention has been made in Congregational missionary circles of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Zulu Mission, South Africa. This celebration which was observed from June 23-July 4, in various places, beginning at the capital of Natal, Pietermaritzburg and closing with a wonderful mass meeting, July 4th, in the Town Hall of Durban, marks an epoch in the history of Christian missions in the Dark Continent. The address of Viscount Gladstone, Governor General of Natal, is spoken of as a "classic," and the address of Rev. J. L. Dube, the representative of the Zulu race, on this occasion, created scarcely less of an impression. Dr. Patton was the guest of honor from America and had an active part in all the various gatherings, including the annual meeting of the mission at Malvern. His addresses were received with enthusiasm and his account of the whole occasion in the *Missionary Herald* for September is of great interest.

The accompanying photographs were taken by Dr. Patton, previous to the Jubilee, and illustrate some of the everyday scenes at Inanda and Amanzimtote, or Adams, as well as give a glimpse of his welcome to this, the first mission among the Zulus, established in 1835 and really in the seventy-sixth year of its life.

We give herewith Miss Price's valuable story of the meetings, supplemented by extracts from the admirable reports given in the *Natal Mercury*, a daily newspaper published in Durban. All this however affords but an inadequate glimpse of a truly great anniversary.—*The Editor*.

WE are all feeling very thankful for the success attending these meetings. As you know, perhaps, our mission invited all the other societies to join with us and so make it not only the American Mission Anniversary but the anniversary of the coming of the gospel to the Zulus. In this way an example was given of that spirit of unity and co-operation which we all long to see here in the work. Most of the societies joined heartily and we feel that a great forward step was taken. The other great end in view—the awakening of greater interest in mission work, by giving to the colonists generally a better knowledge of what we are doing and the results—was also attained in a very good degree. As we saw the crowds of people pouring into the exhibition building and heard their expressions of interest and of surprise as they saw these products of native workmanship and especially those that were the result of training we could not but be glad. One lady said, "Well, I see now that these natives can be taught anything, and it behooves us to see that they have teachers." You will see in some of the newspaper reports, especially that by "Onlooker," other comments of a similar kind. Much interest was shown in the native school in progress; the children, apparently, were in no way disconcerted by the crowds of spectators.

Then the climax of interest was reached in that great meeting Tuesday night in the Town Hall when thousands listened in delighted surprise to the native choir of three hundred and forty-five voices and to the eloquent and sensible speech of Mr. Dube. The impression made by these was deep and will doubtless be lasting.

One good lady whom I know said to me at the close of the singing—"It was heavenly. I've heard nothing like it since I was at the Crystal Palace many years ago." "Superb," "magnificent," were other adjectives I heard used. Most of the singers were from our schools—Inanda, Adams and Umzumbe, also Mr. Dube's school.

Miss Hitchcock, before she left, did good service in selecting this choir from possible candidates and in starting their training. Here at Inanda our head native teacher, Evelyn Goba, spent much time in training our



INANDA SEMINARY

part of the choir. Ngazana Lutuli, who led them so splendidly in the Town Hall, came several times to drill them. At the close of the Town Hall meeting Lord Gladstone turned and shook hands with Lutuli. They were able to practice all together only a few times, after they went to Durban. They were there from Saturday night to Wednesday. Misses Clarke and Cook were in charge of the girls—over two hundred—who slept in our Beatrice St. Chapel. The boys (young men I should say perhaps) stayed at the Norwegian Chapel. The choir was good to look upon that evening as well as to listen to. They filled every available spot on the great platform, the girls in white with pink or blue sailor collars—the boys with their dark suits.

The series of meetings really began in Pietermaritzburg with the meeting of the Natal Missionary Conference. It was much more largely attended than usual and the theme was "Co-operation." A good step toward such a goal was taken in agreeing to form an Advisory Council to which cases of "overlapping" may be referred.

Dr. Patton gave a very helpful talk at one of the sessions, telling what he had seen of union and co-operation in other lands. This address at the great public meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall Sunday evening was wonderfully eloquent, helpful and impressive, full of encouragement and inspiration for the missionaries and of suggestion to the churches. A missionary said next day, "Since hearing that address I am proud to be

a missionary, even in Natal." The "even in Natal" refers to the fact often referred to in the Conference that South Africa was held up in the Edinburgh Conference as specially remiss in overlapping and lack of co-operation. Dr. Patton will tell you no doubt as he has told us that there is, as he believes and we also, a future before our mission of great promise.

After the Maritzburg meetings came those here at Inanda, then those in Durban, then our own annual meeting at Malvern. It has been a great privilege of course to have Dr. Patton with us in these meetings. His wise and timely words to the native pastors and teachers stand out as specially worthy of mention. The great

midday meetings in the beautiful park under the trees will long be remembered.

The presentation of the address to Mrs. Edwards with a purse of ten pounds from her former pupils was one of the most thrillingly interesting features of all. It was "Founder's Day" and so the veterans—Mr. Pixley, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Bridgman and Miss Lindley,—as also some of the native veterans were asked to sit on the platform. Then when the



MRS. EDWARDS

address was to be given all the former pupils present were asked to come forward and they stood in a group before the platform, as Mrs. Dube read the address in English and Mrs. Miema translated it into Zulu. Both spoke in clear tones, distinctly heard by all. Some one said afterwards it was the best address he ever heard. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Edwards though the rest of us had known of it for a long time. But she replied in very fitting words, beginning with "My children." She said they must have bound the wings of all the birds as not one had come to tell her of this. She said among other things that she was glad for their own sakes they had done this—glad that all might see that they were *grateful*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "NATAL MERCURY"

The first feature in the program in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the gospel to the Zulus was the meeting of



"FATHER PIXLEY"

the Natal Missionary Conference in Maritzburg, on June 23d to 27th. Those proceedings have already been fully reported in the press. The Conference was the largest ever assembled, not only in point of individual missionaries attending, but in the number of societies represented. The plans for co-operation agreed upon mark a new epoch in Natal missions.

The second feature of the program—namely, the commemoration services of the American Zulu Mission—was held at Inanda Mission Station. As the train from Durban drew into the Phoenix Station a busy scene was presented. Conveyances of all sorts awaited the European guests, and a long line of natives, bearing their bags and bundles on their heads, wended their way toward the mission station. As the line of carriages entered the long avenue of gum trees which forms the approach to the Inanda Seminary, they passed beneath flags and banners hung across the road. Before the guests had finished their supper singing had begun in



SALUTING THE FLAG AT ADAMS

the mission church, which had been thoroughly renovated for the occasion, and presented a very fine appearance. An audience of five hundred natives filled the church to overflowing.

In the absence of the veteran missionary, the Rev. S. C. Pixley, who was prevented by a severe cold from being present at the evening session, the opening services were conducted by the Rev. Jwili Y. Gumede, pastor of the mission church at Umgeni, near Inanda, where he has been for nearly thirty years. The chairman of the mission, the Rev. H. D. Good-enough was also absent, owing to ill health, and on his behalf the Rev. C. N. Ransom extended to the churches and the guests the welcome of the mission. The Rev. C. K. Goba, pastor of the Inanda church, then

spoke on behalf of the church, referring with much feeling to the honored men, both Americans and natives, who had held his post before him, and welcoming the native visitors to the homes and hearts of the station people. Responses were made by Madikane Cele, on behalf of the American churches—he being one of the oldest of the preachers, whose life exceeds by three years the years of the mission's history. Delegates from other churches then spoke, the prevailing note being the unity of the church, showing that the idea of co-operation and unity between the denominations, which is the fundamental purpose of this celebration, has taken deep root already in the native mind. The visiting delegate of the American Mission in Rhodesia, the Rev. Thomas King, brought greetings from that field.

The meetings at Inanda continued till July 2d. On the 1st and 2d, simultaneous native conventions are being held at various stations, and all are interdenominational gatherings. The whole celebration culminates in Durban with the public meeting on July 4th, when his Excellency the Governor General presides.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SCENES

BY "ONLOOKER"

"I was completely converted to missionary work at that great meeting in the Town Hall last night, and hundreds more had the same experience, I am sure." That remark was made to me to-day by a Durban young lady of highly intellectual gifts, and well known in literary circles. I do not know if the two things had any connection, but in course of the conversation the young lady pulled from a satchel a neatly-bound copy of Emerson's essay on "Character." I fancied, after my visitor left, that maybe she had been led to take up that essay for her morning reading in connection with some of the strong and wise sentiments of Viscount Gladstone at the mass meeting. She referred to that speech as an admirable exposition and vindication of the work of the missionary in South Africa, and we both agreed that the speech of his Excellency will be quoted for many years to come, and in other countries than this, as a crown classic on missionary effort. Cavilers are always asking what the missionaries have to show of their work in conversions to Christianity. With the keen insight of an experienced statesman, Lord Gladstone said: "Rapid conversion is not always a good thing. Conversion must be founded on knowledge and conviction, and you cannot get that without years of dili-

gent effort. You have to teach the natives what they owe to themselves and what they owe to others. You have got to form their character, and to teach them what Christianity means, and how far it will carry a man in this world and the next." As his Excellency gave expression to sentiments such as these there were minds in the hall that wandered back to Hawarden, doubtless—to the days in which his Excellency's illustrious father, in the busiest times of his political life, would allow nothing to come between him and reading the lessons twice on Sunday in church. The son believes, as the father did, that the highest type of character is based on Christianity, and is best developed, in white man and black man



A CROWD OF CHRISTIANS AND HEATHEN AT ADAMS

alike, by the teachings of Christian men and women. If the missionaries, therefore, were not seeing as much as they would like to see of the supreme object of their labors, let them and every Christian man and woman with them rejoice that they were laying the solid foundations on which surely some day there would spring the fruit they desired. That was the argument.

The Lord Bishop described the coming of Gardiner, the first missionary who set foot in Durban, to bring the gospel message to the Zulu people, and argued that Durban was a most appropriate place from which an appeal should go forth to those in the outside world who were taking no part in uplifting the Zulu race. "Captain Gardiner's mission was a failure," the Bishop said, "but his name remained." The Bishop was

possibly too modest about the work of Gardiner. Dr. C. H. Patton, secretary of the American Board of Missions, who spoke after him, joined with Gardiner's name other names that are very much alive to-day—the names of Adams and Grout. When these men came, a little while later, they found the footprints of Gardiner on the sands of Natal, and the road made smoother to them because another had gone before. Does not the good Book say somewhere: "One man soweth and another man reapeth; ye have laboured and other men have entered into your labours?" The best known mission station to-day in Natal is Adams Mission Station at Amanzimtote, and I would not wonder a bit if we could draw aside the curtain for a moment, to find that it is registered above as "the Adams-Gardiner-Grout Mission."

I said to my young lady friend, as she expatiated on the grandeur of the meeting last night: "Which of all the things that took place contributed most to your conversion?" She said that they all helped, but if there had been nothing else done there, the speech and appearance alone of the Rev. J. L. Dube, principal of the Zulu Industrial School, would have been lever enough to have converted her. She could not believe that the day of miracles was past when a Zulu, born in a kraal and brought up among his own people, could be taken hold of by the missionaries and turned into an orator, a missionary, and a loyal subject of the British Crown, such as that man was. If the missionaries of Natal could bring to the front in a generation only a very few men of that calibre, it would be a boon to the native race and to Great Britain. She was impressed also with the statement of Dr. Patton in which he asserted that in the two months he had been traveling on missionary work in South Africa, and talking with men in all ranks of life, he had not met a single man who was in a position of responsibility who did not speak in the most favorable terms of the natives and of the good work the missionaries were doing among them.

And that native choir! What a sight it was to look on! Less than twenty years ago all those boys and girls, to the tune of three hundred, were herded around their huts like little animals; now clothed and in their right mind! Those two hundred girls, all dressed in white, with their smiling, intelligent faces! And the encore after encore for which the audience called was all the evidence necessary of the wonderful tone, expression, and time which they put into the pieces they rendered. The native leader was a marvel. You would expect that a choir of natives would need a good deal of loud talking to and directing to get them kept

in order—more especially if they were led by a man who was one of themselves. Instead, everything necessary for the leader to do was done in the lowest whispers, and in doing the leading he did it with a grace which would be creditable even to Mr. Harry Evans. The wonder of the whole musical part of the celebration is that the choir were trained in half a dozen pieces in distant parts of the Province, and had only two or three rehearsals after they were got together in Durban.

Surely the promoters have reason to be thankful for the interest manifested in missionary work, which was shown in that huge audience in the



AS THEY ONCE WERE

Town Hall. Lord Gladstone was right in saying that, if he had not believed in missionary work before, the audience would have convinced him that there was much to be said for it.

The exhibition, too, has been a marked success. On the two days when the exhibition was opened by his Honor the Administrator and Mr. Shepstone, there were large crowds of people present. Held under the auspices of the Natal Missionary Conference, Dr. John Smith of Maritz-

burg, the president of the Conference, presided at all the functions, and presided with dignity and wisdom.

One of the visitors to the exhibition was Mrs. Fynney, of Congella. Mrs. Fynney was ninety-seven years of age her last birthday, with all her faculties in excellent order, and as much interested in missionary work as she has ever been at any period of her life. She and her husband, in his day, did a great deal for missions in Natal, and she still keeps in touch with the missionaries, and often has them out at her house. When asked what she thought of the exhibition, she said: "It is wonderful to see the work that the natives can do, but that is not the most pleasing thing to me about it. The most delightful thing of it all is to see, at this seventy-fifth anniversary of mission work in Natal, all the best people in Durban interested in the work of the Lord, and showing their interest by coming out here." Mrs. Fynney and many others admired the fine decorations of the building in flags and bunting. There were many hours of hard work in that part of the exhibition, and no man deserves more thanks for it than the Rev. Mr. Heath, of Florida Road Church, who spent a couple of days, with his coat off, setting the place in order. Dr. Hertslet, one of the missionaries from the upper portion of Natal, has much to his credit in putting forth indefatigable labors all the time in general superintendence of the exhibition.

The Rev. F. B. Bridgman, however, is the man on whom devolved the largest responsibility. He was chairman of the Executive of the Missionary Association. Living in town as he does, and near headquarters, everybody came to him for the supply of all their wants. The handling of the tickets alone was a big enough job for one man. When thousands began to apply for tickets for the mass meeting, and only one thousand seats could be reserved, he was nearly driven wild to know what to do. He said jokingly one evening: "Certainly, I will be the most hated man in Durban for months to come over those tickets, for I have had to disappoint more people by my necessary action than I have done in all my life before." There is no fear of men hating Mr. Bridgman; the more men see of him, the more he is loved. He is to be congratulated on the magnificent success of the entire project, for, in every feature of it, there has been blessing brought to the natives, in whom he is so much interested, and joy has filled the heart of every right-thinking man in the good that has been done.—*Natal Mercury*.

THE HINDU WOMAN AT HER PRAYERS

BY DR. JULIA BISSELL

“By hands uplifted to the gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favor in their sight.”

—Kipling.

“RAM! Ram! Ram! Hasten, do hasten! Oh Ram! Oh God, hasten! This poor woman cries and Thou dost not hasten! It does us no good to suppose that Ram may hasten to our aid. Where and how is he to hasten to our aid? But have the name of God on our lips we must. We must remember and call on His name.”

“Don’t say Ram, then,” said a Christian woman standing by, “say Lord, say Jesus. Did you never hear the name of Jesus?”

“Shall we say Lord then? Shall we say Jesus? Hasten Lord! Hasten Jesus!”

These women did not kneel, were not in church, were not at a woman’s prayer meeting, had never heard anyone offer prayer formally—save perhaps sometimes an earnest Bible woman. No one closed her eyes, all were intent on the poor sufferer, all hearts full of the one question. “Will she live through this? When will she be better? Will she live if we say, ‘Jesus’?”

Some prayers “fall by the wayside,” “Ram, do send the rain!”—the woman returning to her home at noon often says this,—when heaven is shut up and there is no rain and her fervent words seem more like a prayer than our “God forbid!” None ever hesitate there as to the propriety or efficacy of prayer for rain. “We say, ‘Oh God, send down rain!’ but he does as he wishes;”—and the hand is raised instinctively upwards toward the sky as if sure of where the Maker of all stays.

“Oh God, I have broken the bangle on my wrist!” “What does anyone heed of the poor persons such as we are? Oh, God, the lot of the poor is hard. We see that, and God sees too. But what is He to do about that?” These are some of the fragments from daily conversation. Women talking to one another at the bazaar stalls, by the street corners, keep up this reference to God. No one need ever teach a Hindu child to pray, to use the name of God, that is. He hears that name from infancy more frequently perhaps than one in a Christian land, and repeats the name as his mother and aunt do, by instinct, from childhood to old age.

And some prayers are heard at the homes, and in many varied ways at the different homes. The Brahman *phader*, who had made money by his

profession, had a shrine for Ganpati in his home. Around the open court of his house was a stone porch to which one ascended by a few steps. At one side of this porch was a space enclosed by lattice work on three sides and that had a tiny door in front. The image of Ganpati inside this space was about two feet high, seated crosslegged on a low pedestal. The elephant's head was there, the arms were extended somewhat at the side, the hands resting palms downward on the hips. The image was of a creamy tint, some of the parts painted, for ornamentation, the hair was black—as every Hindu's is—there was no drapery about the figure. The features, save for the elephant's trunk, were human, so was the rest of the body. At one side near the foot of the pedestal was a tiny brass dish for oil, for a lighted wick, or for incense. On the pedestal some flowers had been placed, a wreath of marigolds, or jasmine, or of chrysanthemum;—some rice, too, spices, cloves, cardamom, saffras bark, saffron, part of a cocoanut or the entire cocoanut unbroken, or perhaps other foods—but not often—were put there as an offering.

The shrine and all inside and around were scrupulously clean. This was attended to every day by the *phader's* wife. After her bath and other washings are over, she plans the offerings for the day, attends to the shrine, then

bows low before the god, her folded palms to her forehead, and the forehead resting a moment on the pedestal. This corresponds to our kneeling at prayer. Every Brahman maiden is taught by her mother, or by some elder female relative, to attend to this duty at the shrine in her home, or at some other away from the home. After the offerings have been made other members of the household go to worship. No Hindu neglects his worship, and none show any frivolity at such a time.



GANPATI

In many hundreds of thousands of homes there is no shrine or image, or else a very humble one in some niche in a wall of the house. There is seen a spot of old paint, a small image—or none,—and a humble offering for a sweet savor, saffron, cloves, rice or part of a cocoanut, or flowers, marigolds most often in homes of the poor—often not even those save on festival days. The woman and her daughter worship there by touching the hand to the niche, then one or both hands to the forehead which may or may not be bowed to the image. Perhaps one hears repeated in a low tone, spoken “Dévá (day-wa)! Ram! Ram! Ram!”

In homes of the very poor there is no corner where one may worship. For such there are the wayside shrines, “for God is there and we meet him there.” In many homes one’s prayers are offered before the entire family—the light does so shine before men, even from this “smoking flax and burning wick, and bruised reed.”

And some pray “standing at the street corners,” truly! “How do you ever get fresh air? Do you ever walk outside?”

“Oh yes, we go to the god, we go to get water, or to our neighbors.”

Here at one side of the street of this town, there is a peepul tree, one of the *ficus* tribe, often seen growing out from the walls of old dwellings or temples built of stone. Around this trunk is a platform of stone and earth, one to two feet high. On this platform at one side is a small shrine and inside an image, perhaps of Hanuman or Vithoba. The shrine is of stone or earth or both, the image is painted red. More often these are for the first named idol. The second is a deified man, a hero, now worshiped. Often one sees one or more women walking around both tree and shrine. This form of worship is named *pradaklima*, and is a meritorious duty. The worshipers make this round a certain number of times, some offering is placed inside at the feet of the image, the head is bowed low and the folded palms put to the forehead as at other times, a few words are repeated and the worship is done as a rule. There is no levity shown, the worshipers do not speak to one another or to passers-by, nor are any words addressed to them. The tree selected is more often than not at some corner where two or more roads meet. The place and the time are for prayer and there is reverent silence. Who may say how often the Lord of all the earth,—or of the Three Worlds, as the Hindu says—is present to hear the prayers of “those who do thus ignorantly worship”?

At the gate of the towns, great or small, is found more often than not, a shrine of greater dimensions to Vithoba or the goddess Bhawain or to

some other deity. There anyone may stop as she passes to leave her offering, or to bow the head at the deity's feet, or merely to raise both hands to the forehead.

A river may be named sacred and so worshiped. And one does not wonder at this in a dry and thirsty tropical land, where the water cools the travel-sore feet and sunburned brow and dry tongue.

Again, every Hindu mother wants to go to the shrine or tree of Satwai, the patron goddess of the mother and her babe. On the twelfth day after the baby is born, the goddess is seen. The trip is not delayed beyond that point. The babe is presented for the favor and protection of the



TEMPLES AT WAI

deity to whom vows and offerings are paid. Those who may afford this have a new cap or dress or wrap for the baby to whom this is a baptism, or a "presentation at the temple."

The goddess of smallpox must be sought and prayed to to avert an epidemic of that disease. So when an epidemic of cholera threatens, a calf is driven or led from door to door through the town, presumably by some one appointed to do so, and offerings or alms are importuned to appease the goddess, Murree-ahee.

At the time of an eclipse of the sun or moon, "the criers go about the streets," crying, "Give an offering and the seizure is over!" For the

luminary is in the hands of some dragon who casts the shadow and whose grip must be loosened. The housewife attends to this almsgiving. Food, cooked or not, grain or bread or flour, are given. The recipient has over the shoulder a pouch that is divided in some way not investigated

even by the curious, into different pockets for the different foods. This *Dan-dhanna*, or "Alms-deity," is one that is not and may not be neglected even by the poorest.

Time fails one to speak of the great resorts where so many pilgrimages are made every year. One sees those in miniature in some minor towns. These are named *Jatras*, or *Yatras*. On this day the town is in gay holiday attire. Earthen images are molded and painted in bright colors. One sees these set out at the side of the street for sale for a few pennies. Hundreds of women, the rich the poor, the high the low, go on foot for the



THE CAR OF THE GODS

most part to the shrine and return. Many have new garments for the day, most have one of these images in hand. "We go there, fall at the god's feet, stay to rest, eat and drink, and return." More than one shrine is seen and entered, or silent worship offered at the door. "In all thy ways acknowledge" is intended. The duty of *Smarana*, to keep God in mind, is required. To this day many of the poorest may not enter

the temples and do not often even pause at the door of such as they may not enter.

The Brahman widow tells you how many times a year she fasts; so, too, the mother and wife,—many, one day of every week, and oftener when a special feast is observed. A feast of the soul, truly, and a fast of the larder. Late in life often, or when wearied by disease or pain or weakness, one hears the Hindu woman say, “I want to see Benares,” or Pandharpur, “meet God there and then die when he takes me away.”

Those who are in wheat or grain fields have their appointed plans for prayer. A banyan or peepul tree has some red painted stones of different sizes at the roots. The trunk may or may not be painted too. One or more stones of a stone wall may be painted, to serve for a temple—“every place a temple.” “If one’s trust is reposed there.” “Any place will do,” says the pious Hindu. By the side of walls where travelers stop to rest in the shade, some simple shrine is raised, and is not passed by or neglected, however humble.

The words of prayer are few and simple. “Grant me a son, and I will give you a goat or a rooster.” “Give me a child, and for the rest of my life I will fast so often.” “Let my boy live, and to the day of my death I will not eat this or that food but offer that to you.” “Let my son live, and his younger sister shall be consecrated to Bhawain.” These are some of the forms the vows take.

One finds the words of the Psalmist in India,—“Bring an offering,” “Worship at His feet.” An image is not always needed, nor a shrine. At one time a stone monument erected to the memory of an eminent European was regarded as a spot “where God was.” There were the same offerings as at the *phader’s* shrine to Ganpati. The monument was of plain stone, the form of a church spire, pointed. “So in all things we perceive our *Hindu sisters* are very religious.” “God has shown mercy,” or “The mercy of God has come to us,” they say, and rejoice in his goodness.

But the world is for the most part a sad one to the Hindu woman. “Father in heaven, oh hear when they call!” “and when Thou hearest forgive!”

When shall the Hindu woman learn of the One who has “cast all her sins behind her back,” who bore her sins in his own blessed broken body on the tree? When shall our news reach them of the tender mercy “whereby the dayspring from on high” hath looked upon them—even the Christ of Galilee, who desires that they pray the Father in his blessed name!

A TRAVELER'S GLANCE AT PRAGUE

BY HENRY M. HILL

WE left Vienna "The Queen of the Danube" on a slow train for Prague, the equally famous capital of Bohemia, and reached the city in the twilight shadows, finding a fine shelter in the "Internationale Pension Finger," well situated at the head of *Wenzels-Platz*, just opposite the grand Bohemian Museum. On Sunday morning I started out to find Rev. Dr. Clark, *No. 280 Smichov*; but as this was "only the legal number," and *No. 64* the true street number, it took a mile of walking, and a pile of asking, to find the house, after the conductor had left me at *276 Smichov*, at the other end of the street. Fortunately, dear Mr. Clark was resting at home preparatory to the afternoon communion service; and I had the pleasure then of hearing from his own lips the wonderful story of the American Board's forty years' mission to the land of Huss. It was a thrilling story of ecclesiastical bigotry and tyranny, coming in contact with a Green Mountain boy's pluck and Christian persistency.

After hearing this recital of nearly forty years' continuous struggle with an age-long religio-political power, and the triumphs of Christian faith, courage and diplomacy, I could only say, "Not by might nor power but by Thy Spirit." The old land of Huss now seems to be again awakening to the triumph of Truth; the old home of Huss, blest with a Protestant Church and thirty churches and seventy-five mission stations of the apostolic gospel radiates again the light of a more than Hussite illumination. Fifteen of the young men of this Bohemian revival are now among the three hundred thousand Bohemians in the United States, preaching the "doctrine of grace," and evidencing to the Protestant world, the value of these hard-earned victories of the American Board in Bohemia. The afternoon services at the very commodious pretty "church in the house" at *Smichov*, were most interesting. Something over one hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, were present, and I felt as if I were at a home church when I saw their earnest faces and heard our old familiar tunes sung in the *Czechish* tongue. With hymn book in hand, I could follow fairly well this to me unpronounceable language.

Dr. Albert W. Clark, and his early fellow-workers, pioneers in this tragic land of ancient Protestantism, are as truly heroes, as any upon the roll of missionary fame. Nothing but true Christian heroism, true apostolic grace, could have overcome the hierarchical hosts that opposed

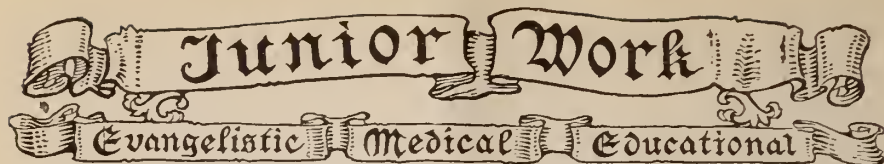
toleration and Christian freedom. Did I not fully believe in the heredity of Puritanism, these triumphs of this noble band of Yankee Bohemian warriors would have seemed impossible. Now that this door into the land of Huss is opened, all that is needed, are more like-spirited soldiers of the Cross, and money, the Lord's money, as "sinews of war" to carry on his glorious warfare and again liberate the bright people of Bohemia from the prison of darkness and superstition, in which most of them are still incarcerated.

MISSIONARY ITEMS

A JAPANESE Christian tells how he was won to Jesus: "A missionary lady got twenty-five Japanese boys into a class to tell us of Jesus. We had great curiosity to see this foreign lady, and not caring about Jesus, we did care to see how everything looked—her dress, her books, her furniture, her pictures. But every time she would have us read the Bible. We had the Gospel of Luke. We read till we came to the crucifixion. She could not speak Japanese; she had an English Bible, we had a Bible in Japanese language. When we read the story of the Cross, she got down on her knees and prayed for us. We could not understand what she prayed, but we watched her close. Soon she begin to cry. Then she fall on her face, weeping bitterly. Then twenty-five Japanese boys cry too. Then inside of three weeks, all us twenty-five boys give our hearts to Jesus."—*Exchange*.

I DESIRED also to tell you that from the day of my birth unto this day I have seen no other thing that is able to save people except the Word of God alone, which is able to save all people of this world. Even though some refuse their refusal is only of themselves and not of God.—*A native Christian in Africa*.

IN this view it is well to spread the appeal of the Moslem Conference held in Lucknow this year, "While profoundly conscious of the formidable nature of the task of evangelizing the Moslem world, we are confident that our work, undertaken at the command and with the presence of Christ, can have but one issue. The large number of converts won from Islam, the churches that have been gathered from its adherents, and the many able preachers of the gospel who were once Moslems, are a pledge that the evangelization of the Mohammedan world is within the power of the Christian Church."—*The Missionary Link*.



Junior Work

Evangelistic Medical Educational

THE GLEAM IN INDIA

A SUGGESTED PROGRAM

BY MARY PRESTON

We are very fortunate indeed this year in having so attractive a textbook as that prepared for us by Mr. Hull, under the title of *Touring in the Gleam*. The magic car Gleam with its alluring possibilities must appeal to every child, and the chance which it offers of really seeing what things are like in foreign countries instead of merely hearing about them will be greatly prized by the leader and should be used to its fullest extent.

Let the meeting resolve itself into a second trip to India in the Gleam, with all the children present as passengers; or—and perhaps this would be simpler for the first lesson—pick out four of the natural leaders among the boys and girls to represent Dick, David, Nelly and Grace, letting them in some way be marked with their new names that there may be no mistake, and then have them tell the others what they saw on their recent trip among the Hindus. For instance Dick might tell what the temple looked like with its monkeys and dirt and idols. Be sure that he has models of at least a few idols and plenty of pictures even if some of them are nothing more than crayon charts taken from small illustrations in books. He might also give some of the information furnished by the priest about the many gods of India. Let Nelly describe how she saw them worship—the unmeaning rites of the priest all day long and the attempt of the mother to teach her little son to honor the elephant god. If possible have one of the smaller boys present dressed to represent this “little brown toddler.” She might also explain about the feast of Juggernaut, or that may be left for David, while Grace tells how the priests treat unhappy and sorrowing mothers in heathen India. In case you have chosen to give Nelly the story of the Juggernaut festival, let David tell what he saw at the mission compound; or, if he has already done his part, let all the children guess what could be seen there from their knowledge of Christian churches and homes in America. In any event bring out the contrast clearly between Christian and Hindu living.

To make this method effective the teacher herself must take the part of Miss Starr and begin the story by describing the trip over the ocean in the Gleam, what could be seen before the car alighted and in what ways India looked different from the United States. If many of the children have studied geography let her use a map to make the journey seem more real. She must be ready at all times to help out the four reporters with questions or reminders and at the end to answer the various further inquiries which will be forthcoming from the audience at large if the tales have been given in a spirited way. Much will depend on the enthusiasm with which the teacher enters into this "way of the imagination," and much also on the care with which she picks and drills her four helpers. They should not so much be taught to recite their story word for word as to be made so interested in the subject that they can tell about it naturally. Above all things else it must seem real to them.

Just one caution in closing. Whatever illustrative material in the way of pictures, models, costumes, etc., is introduced,—and the more the better—be absolutely sure that this feature does not leave a muddle of unattached ideas in the children's minds, but that it all contributes toward leaving clearly two fundamental impressions from the lesson, *i. e.*, the contrast between Christian ways and Hindu ways, our Christ and their thirty-three million gods, and the need of our taking or sending this Christ of ours across into India.



AUTUMN LEAVES

HOW THEY WON MRS. CARSON

BY MRS. P. O. RHODÉS

"Oh, mother, do look! Such beauties, aren't they?" and Elizabeth Brenwood held before her mother's eyes a handful of beautiful autumn leaves. "Such gorgeous colors, too; how I wish I could paint them and catch their exquisite tints! Just look—scarlet, crimson, tan, russet brown, and that bright yellow, then this variegated one that seems to combine all colors, and these with dashes of green!" "Yes, my dear, they are certainly lovely, and now I want you to go down and give these extra missionary magazines to old Grandma Lane—she enjoys reading them so much."

As Elizabeth sped away, the mother's fond gaze followed her and thought her little daughter of dark hair, dancing eyes, and crimson cheeks, in her tan dress, with dark green coat and scarlet cap, looked herself like a veritable animated autumn leaf fluttering over the ground as if driven by a gale of wind. As she arranged the leaves in the parlor, she grew thoughtful, then all at once she started, a glad look crept into her face, as a new thought came to her, and a slow smile curved her lips as she pondered. Then "I'll do it," she said, "what a wonder I never thought of it before." She went swiftly to the telephone, held a hurried conversation with one of the workers in the missionary society to which she belonged, who gladly promised her co-operation in her new plan. She soon had lunch ready, and after the dishes were put away she said to Elizabeth, "How would you like to take me out to see your 'gorgeous' autumn leaves this afternoon and gather a few?"

"Oh, mamma, truly do you mean it? That's too good to be true! I'll run and hitch up Dick right away before you even have time to change your mind."

Soon they were riding along enjoying the exhilarating air and beautiful landscape spread before them. Such a bewildering array of colors! Along the roadside and in the fence-corners were clumps of golden-rod and clusters of purple asters; the dark green of the meadows, the straw color of the fields of stubble which had long ago yielded up its rich harvest of golden grain, and now lay basking in the bright autumn sunshine; farther away stretched the woods, the trees having recognized their conqueror, the frost, had blushed crimson and donned their brightest gowns to do him honor and now stood arrayed in all the brilliancy of autumn glory. Over all was the deep blue sky and settling around the horizon was a hazy veil of purple. "Mother, wouldn't one be really famous who could paint all these colors true to life?" "Perhaps, yet often such fidelity to nature is rewarded by the criticism that it is all too glaring and unnatural. None but the great Master Painter can give that indescribable touch to the whole which makes it truly beautiful. The poet calls these days 'the melancholy days, the saddest of the year,' I suppose because of the thought that soon all this beauty will be destroyed and all will become bare and brown, soon to be covered with the cold white mantle of the snow.

"To me they seem like a glorious sunset, with all the colors of the rainbow blended in perfect harmony.

"The colors were all there in the bright, everyday sunshine, but were not noticeable before until this particular circumstance and position revealed them. I suppose that's like a good life, too, when made beautiful by the

frosts of adversity, sorrow, and old age." She went on musingly and was only awakened from her reverie by the exclamation.

"Here we are, mother mine, at the woods! Now we can fill all those baskets, though I can't think what you can want with so many of them. There will be enough to decorate all the houses in town." They rambled on, happy to hear the rustle of the leaves beneath their feet, the sight of squirrels scurrying to their trees with nuts for their winter's store, or scolding saucily at them, accompanied by the shrill cry of the bluejay in the tree tops overhead.

The baskets were soon filled with the choicest specimens of bright leaves, and in a short time they were home again.

"Now, Bethie," said her mother, "I'll show you how to preserve these beauties, that they may beautify some homes many months to come." Shears, scissors, needles and thread were brought into service, and strong pasteboard was cut into wreaths and fanciful designs. The leaves, when sewed on, entirely covered them, then they were pressed until flat and treated to a light coat of varnish, and they were considered finished. Thus closed a busy afternoon.

Some days later, in another part of the town, a young girl received from the mail man a delicate cream-colored envelope. "This is for you, mamma; some party invitation, I suppose." Mrs. Carson took it and carelessly opened it.

"Why, Ruth, dear, look here! Well, did you ever! From a missionary society, too! Whoever heard of such a thing! Look at that, quite unique, isn't it? The affair must be worth attending if their invitations are so artistic." "That" was a leaf-shaped cream cardboard invitation with a delicately-painted border of green, inviting the recipient to the Literature Day Meeting at the home of Mrs. Monross, whose beautiful home with its spacious rooms and generous hospitality were widely known."

"Are you going, mamma?"

"Well, I almost believe I shall, just to see what they will do, but I don't care for missionary meetings as a rule, for they are usually dull times at best. But what puzzles me is why they made this in leaf shape. What has a leaf to do with missions to the heathen?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell, mamma, but I wish they had invited me, too."

"Why, they have on this inner envelope,—I forgot to show you,—so you may accompany me if you wish."

The weather on the afternoon of the meeting was fine. Many were seen wending their way to the Monross home. Partly to please those friends who

LIFE AND LIGHT, *Mission Day Spring* and other missionary magazines, also the new leaflets pertaining to the United Study of Missions decorated the walls. Pictures of missionaries were placed here and there, while missionary books and the new Prayer Calendar for 1912 were to be found on center tables and mantels. In the library was found quite a collection of missionary literature, and in another room was a table of pictures of missionaries, and mission lands and peoples, and several very queer curios. A large map was hung in the front of the room in which they were seated and a small blackboard beside it.

The meeting opened with appropriate songs sung with spirit and understanding. The Scripture lesson proved less interesting to Mrs. Carson as she listened rather indifferently, but she caught the words, "wisdom," "learning," "knowledge," and at the last, "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." "Leaves again," she thought. "Ah, yes, I see the play on the word; how stupid of me not to have noticed before." The leader briefly and earnestly showed the folly of all wordly wisdom, but emphasized that wisdom whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, and showed the Bible to be the greatest missionary book in the world, and that from the truths contained on its leaves comes the healing for all nations—the remedy for the disease of sin. She touched on the value and influence of missionary literature, and mentioned the many ways in which it helps forward the cause of righteousness. Then followed an earnest, heart-felt prayer.

All through the program was emphasized in various forms the central idea of the value and uses of missionary literature. It was one harmonious whole.

Mrs. Carson was at first attracted by its novelty, then was led on to interested attention and at last her eyes and countenance glowed with feeling and showed that the Spirit had awakened her heart and stirred its depths. After the program came a short business session, made interesting by being conducted with dispatch and with perfect parliamentary procedure. At its close the president gave all visitors a general invitation to join the society, stating that personal invitations would follow before the close of the meeting.

Many new members were gained that day, and Mrs. Brenwood, the literature secretary promptly secured their subscriptions to their missionary monthly magazine, as the best aid they could have in their new work.

Among this number was Mrs. Carson, who, after thoughtful consideration, said, "Yes, put my name down, please. I've waited too long already; I see I have neglected my duty."

Guests were shown the pictures and curios and given the most attractive free literature, and scarcely a woman left without taking with her a little bunch of leaflets purchased from the secretary of literature.

The refreshments were very dainty indeed with the autumn leaf bordered napkins, the crisp leaf sandwiches, leaf-shaped small cakes, and fragrant beverage made from tea leaves.

After all had partaken, the president called them to order, and with bowed heads all repeated a closing prayer.

Mrs. Carson was among the last to leave, and as she thanked the hostess and president for the pleasure of the unique afternoon, she added earnestly: "I was attracted first by the beauty of your invitations, next by the beauty of your decorations, and the novelty and variety of your interesting program, then by the wondrous beauty of the lives of your—no, I mean our,—missionaries and of a life of service in Christian work. So I want to thank you for helping me to see myself and my duty."

As she left, Mrs. Brenwood and her friend watched her depart with hearts full of thankfulness for the rich results of the afternoon and the workers gained for the Master; for they had prayed earnestly that through all these things some heart might be touched to respond to the Spirit's call to service.

"It was worth all the effort, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Brenwood softly. "Surely there's no success without labor, and I believe there are many like Mrs. Carson who might be won if we would only plan the effort with care. Anyway, I am so glad we had this Literature Day with its autumn leaves." —*Adapted from Woman's Evangel.*

ANNUAL MEETING PLANS

The coming annual meeting of the Board at Norwich (November 8-9) will be distinguished by several new features. It is hoped and expected that a chorus choir of young voices will lead the singing. A special hymn-pamphlet has been prepared through the courtesy of the Century Co. On Wednesday a luncheon with addresses and social elements will take the place of an afternoon session, while the young woman's session formerly held at that time will be merged into a Young People's Service in the evening at the Broadway church.

The general topic for all sessions will be in line with the new text-book, A Contrast of Christianity and the Non-Christian Religions.

Discussion on Tuesday at the preliminary sessions will gather about the October Advance Campaign and its Aftermath.

Dr. C. H. Patton, of the American Board, fresh from a tour of the mission fields, is expected to give an address. There will be missionaries from many fields and other interesting speakers.

WAYS OF WORKING

THERE is many a woman regretting her failing health, her physical limitations, the circumstances of her life that keep her confined at home so that she can do nothing for the great cause of missions. Her small gifts of money seem to her so inadequate to express her heart's interest. She longs to throw herself once more into active work for the kingdom.

Possibly she has never considered one form of service open to her, second only to personal testimony in its power to increase missionary interest and missionary giving—the circulation of missionary literature. There are many women who might give each year a missionary book to their pastor, a missionary story to the Sunday school. If this were backed by faithful prayer, only God knows the harvest of such sowing. Books are the seed corn of revivals, reforms, revolutions. Therefore sow the world's harvest fields thick with good books.—*The Helping Hand*.

A FEW gleanings from recent missionary convention conferences may be helpful: To brighten your Junior meetings, "Put to work your own 'gray matter,' and adapt programs, etc., to suit your own local conditions." Change the seating. Have programs with two sides, and divide the room accordingly. Group under flags, or seat at tables with the participants at an inner table. Use costumes for participants. For the Scripture have one to read each verse—all on the platform or near the front. Try the "Questionnaire" or meeting on "Facts." Debates are attractive and educational. Have one meeting for which all the missionary material shall be from secular magazines and papers. An intermediate department of a Sunday school brought out a missionary magazine by the boys, and the girls issued a "newspaper." The spirit of rivalry was of benefit to the whole school. Have an "every member canvass" to assure attendance. Some one said, "The five things the missionary meetings need are perspiration, agitation, education, inspiration, aspiration."—*The Assembly Herald*.

MRS. PAUL RAYMOND asks, "Are you helping your missionary periodical? Do you see that every member of your Mission Study Class keeps fresh the enthusiasm kindled by means of this chronicle of current events in the country that has been the recent object of her interest? Do you make sure that at least once each year every woman who bears the slightest connection with your church is given a tactful, cordial, impelling invitation to add her name to your subscription list? Do you give your Secretary of Literature, during the best month in the year for the purpose, a sufficient number of your most magnetic women as assistants to make possible a systematic, concerted effort toward this end? Do you hold at your meeting just preceding this canvass a rousing magazine rally that shall prepare the way for its

successful issue? Do your officers plan each year for a definite subscription increase as they do for an enlargement of your gifts in money? Do you secure as sponsor for your children's magazine the loveliest young woman in your church, asking her to make friends with every mother, win the confidence of every child, and use all her gifts to hold them for this world-wide service of Christ?"—*Mission Studies*.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR THE SEASON 1911-12

The general program-scheme, providing for eight meetings, based upon the text-book, *The Light of the World*, appeared in our August issue, with the first program in detail, the second following in the September issue.

PROGRAM III

BUDDHISM: Buddha's Story. Essential Features.

Material: Text-book pp. 63-101. *India, its Life and Thought*, by Dr. J. P. Jones, ch. xii. *Contrasts in Social Progress*, by Dr. E. P. Tenney, pp. 87-95. Reports of the World Missionary Conference. *Life and Light* articles. *Prince Siddartha*, by John L. Atkinson, useful in preparing Buddha's life sketch, as also the leaflet by Mrs. Hawkins, "How Siddartha Came to Japan." Price five cents.

Aim: To clear as much as possible a subject necessarily somewhat vague and hazy, by selecting for talks and papers the *leading ideas* of Buddhism and by giving especial attention to its status *to-day* in India.

Preparation: This meeting will be held very near to the Advance Campaign Week. If it follows, it can well be made an opportunity for the entertainment of *new members secured during that week*. Invitation cards may be issued. Special music and a social hour might well follow the

PROGRAM HOUR

One quarter of the time will doubtless be needed, at the opening, for the devotional service which will gather about the campaign plans, especially in the way of prayer. Ask for several voices to lead.

It is also the time for announcing the Board's annual meeting at Norwich, Conn., November 8-9.

LEADERS' BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO BUDDHISM: A religious cult popular in some quarters of the Western world: a timely study to help us see its merits and judge for ourselves as to its ethical teachings and claims.

A Life Sketch of Buddha, paper, fifteen minutes.

Six Questions and Answers, previously prepared, the answers not to exceed one hundred words each, and to be as clear as possible in response to questions given out upon: The Sacred Books; the Jains; the Four Noble Truths; the Noble Eightfold Path; Nirvana; the Ten Commandments. Reading of these ten minutes.

The Status of Buddhism to-day in India. Paper, fifteen minutes.

(This should avoid repeating details given of Buddha previous to this, but should trace changes and give present belief and following *simply in India.*)

Announce topic for next month, viz :—

BUDDHISM IN CHINA AND JAPAN: Comparison with Christianity.

M. L. D.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held, by invitation of the Eastern Connecticut Branch, in Norwich, Conn., Wednesday and Thursday, November 8th and 9th, with a delegates' meeting on Tuesday, November 7th. The sessions will be held in the Park Congregational Church, except the Wednesday evening session in the Broadway Congregational Church.

The ladies of Norwich will be happy to entertain *delegates appointed by the Branches*, and women who have ever been under appointment as missionaries of the Woman's Board or the American Board. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names to the chairman of the hospitality committee, Mrs. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, 35 Lincoln Avenue, Norwich, Conn., before October first. Owing to new railroad restrictions which go into effect November 1st, there will be no reduced rates.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from July 18 to August 18, 1911.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer:

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. *Jubilee*, Brewer, Mrs. Warren Morse, 1 00

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. *Jubilee*, Biddeford, Miss Fannie M. Hackett, 25; Denmark, Miss Carolyn Sewall, 5, 30 00

Total, 31 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Atkinson, Aux., 20; Laconia, Aux., 60; Manchester, South Main St. Ch., Aux., 61.57; Milford, Aux., 34.33; North Hampton, Aux., 36 90; Salmon Falls, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Bertha J. Nutter), 25; Miss Sarah H. Norcross' S. S. Cl., 1.50; Tilton, Aux., 18.11; Outlook Club, 8; Troy, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Lona A. Dexter), 30; Wilmot, S. S., 5, 300 41

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Barre, Aux., 35; Prim. S. S., 10; Barton, Aux., 10; Bellows Falls, Aux. (Th. Off., 56.60), 136.91; Benson, C. E. Soc., 7; Berkshire, East, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.50; Brattleboro, S. S., Children's Fair, 50; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., 35; First Ch., Aux., 40; Cabot, Aux., 10; Castleton, Aux., 5.50; C. E. Soc., 2; Hartford, Aux., 9; Middlebury, Aux., 54.30; Milton, Aux., 12; Peacham, Aux., 26; Peru, Aux., 10; Poultney, East, Aux., 4.64; St. Albans, Aux., 39.45; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., Aux., 15; Searchlight Club, 41.45; Saxtons River, Merry Rills, 2; Westminster West, Aux., 7; Williston, Aux., 11. *Jubilee*, Burlington, First Ch., Aux., 20; Woodstock, Mrs. John French, 25. Less expenses, 15, 604 75

MASSACHUSETTS.

Friend, 25 00

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Law-

rence. Melrose Highlands, Woman's League, 20; Methuen, C. R., 6.08, Wide Awake M. B., 6.08. <i>Jubilee</i> . Lexington, Hancock Ch., Woman's Assoc., 24.88,	57 04
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Danvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 84; Essex, Dau. of Cov., 8; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., Jr. Aux., 10,	102 00
<i>Franklin County Branch</i> .—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 163 Main St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Aux.,	5 00
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kueoland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, North, Aux., 5; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 11. <i>Jubilee</i> . Easthampton, Miss Eleanor Mayhew, 10; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., Mrs. F. N. Kueoland, 5, Miss Frances Look, 5; South Hadley, Mrs. Clara Gaylord, 25, Mrs. Jesse Nichols, 5,	66 00
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Hopkinton, C. R., 2.75; So. Framingham, Aux., 90,	92 75
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Easton, Aux., 24; Plymouth, Aux., 30, Prim. Cl. and C. R., 12.50; Sharon, Aux., 10; Weymouth and Braintree, Aux., Add'l Len. Off., 1.50,	78 00
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Roxborough, Teachers, 6; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 34; Pepperell, Aux., 40,	80 00
<i>Old Colony Branch</i> .—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Assonet, Aux., 3; Attleboro, Aux., 100, Second Ch., Ferguson M. B., 6.25, Miss. Cir., 72; Fall River, Aux., 10; Marion, S. S., 3; Mattapoisett, S. S., 1; Middleboro, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 3; New Bedford, North Ch., S. S., 5.28, Trinitarian Ch., S. S. C. R., 40.84, Little Light Bearers, M. C., 10; Somerset, Aux., 12; Taunton, Aux., 155; West. Wareham, Friend, 30. <i>Jubilee</i> , Fall River, Off., at <i>Jubilee</i> Rally, 586,	1,037 37
<i>Springfield</i> .—South Ch.,	78 35
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 41 Garden St., Cambridge. Friend, 100; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Y. L. M. S., 15; Brighton, Pro Cristo Club, 10; Cambridge, Prospect St. Ch., C. R., 14.60, Shepard Mem. Ch., Aux., in mem. of Mrs. George E. Mackintire, 60; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux. (Add'l Len. Off., 1.50), 50.39, Village Ch., Aux., 3; Foxboro, Bethany Ch., Aux., 33; Franklin Mary Warfield Miss. Soc., 14; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 75, S. S., 10; Medfield, W. M. A., 15; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., Friend, 60; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 5. <i>Jubilee</i> , Everett, First Ch., Happy Dozen, S. S. Cl., 3; Newton, Mrs. Abby G. Speare, 5, Miss Mary L. Speare, 5,	477 99
<i>Wellesley</i> .—Wellesley College, Class of '97,	37 60
Total,	2,137 10
LEGACIES.	
<i>Boston</i> .—Miss Amelia de F. Lockwood, by Amos Lockwood Danielson, Extr.,	500 00
<i>Hyde Park</i> .—Mrs. Sara Walton Leverett, by George V. Leverett, Extr.,	100 00
<i>Northampton</i> .—Martha A. Weller, by J. A. Sullivan, Extr.,	1,000 00
<i>Springfield</i> .—Mrs. Lucy A. Fuller, by Edward H. Lathrop, Trustee,	2,742 46
<i>Springfield</i> .—Miss Helen Sprung, by Frederick Atherton, H. Curtis Rowley, Extrs.	75 00
Total,	4,417 46
RHODE ISLAND.	
<i>Providence</i> .—Friend,	10 00
<i>Rhode Island Branch</i> .—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Providence, Free Evangelical Ch., Jr. Dept. S. S., 6, Pilgrim Ch., 39.02. <i>Jubilee</i> . Newport, United Ch., Aux., 42,	87 02
<i>Weekapaug</i> .—Friends, through Miss Harriet L. Osborne,	50 00
Total,	147 02
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch</i> .—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Hampton, Aux., 15; Pomfret, Searchlight Club, 10,	25 00
<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. <i>Jubilee</i> , Mrs. Albert Pinney,	1 00
<i>New Haven Branch</i> .—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 150; Friend, 100; Friend, 167; Talbot Memorial, 100; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 253.25,	770 25
Total,	796 25
LEGACY.	
<i>Farmington</i> .—Sarah J. Thompson, by William A. Kimball, Extr., add'l,	97 50
FLORIDA.	
<i>W. H. M. U.</i> —Miss Alice E. Guild, Treas., Winter Park. Avon Park, Aux.,	30 00
WISCONSIN.	
<i>Ashland</i> .—Friends, through Miss Agnes Fenenga: <i>So. Dak.</i> , Scenic, Miss Ana Truax, 5; Yankton, Mrs. L. B. Harvey, 10, Coll. at Y. W. C. A., 15; <i>Wis.</i> , Ashland, Mrs. Thomas Edwards, 10, Presbyterian Ladies' Miss. Soc., 11.30,	51 30
CALIFORNIA.	
<i>Jubilee</i> , Friend,	40 00
TURKEY.	
<i>Talas</i> .—Girls' School, C. E. Soc.,	11 39
Donations,	\$2,984 25
Buildings,	1,014 27
Specials,	150 70
Legacies,	4,514 96
Total,	\$8,664 18
TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1910 TO AUG. 18, 1911.	
Donations,	\$82,381 24
Buildings,	28,441 14
Specials,	1,877 18
Legacies,	21,701 55
Total,	\$134,401 11

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Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.

MRS. J. K. McLEAN.

GLIMPSES INTO STATION CLASS LIFE

BY GRACE WYCKOFF

One question which constantly faces the evangelistic worker is, how are we to teach and instruct the women of our church membership, and lead them and others to the Saviour. In visiting places where the work has been started but recently, we find on inquiry large numbers of men who have identified themselves with the church. When we ask about their women folks we find they know nothing or very little of the Truth. They cannot go and come freely, so there seems no way but for us to go to them.

Station classes and the method of carrying them on is more or less familiar to all, for this reason I need not go into details, but will give you a few glimpses into my life, and the life of others, as I am engaged in this work at this time of writing.

I am in the western district of the Lintsing field, and am to have from fifteen to eighteen day classes in five centers. Last year some one hundred and eighty women and girls availed themselves of such an opportunity,—the first they had ever had. That was a time of seed-sowing. This is not only a time of seed-sowing, but a time to weed and water and cultivate. My sister is doing the same kind of work in the Pangkia-chwang field. I am giving two months in this field, because there is no one else to do it. A picture of work in one field serves equally well for this form of work in any other field. The need for women to carry on such work is a crying one. In the effort to meet the needs for educational work, as we face conditions in the New China, let us not be forgetful of the needs of the women in the homes of China.

It was very cold the day I arrived at Pai Yüeh. The day before was warm, and thinking that warm weather had come, I was not as warmly clothed as I ought to have been. The northeast April wind went through

us, and we were glad when the twelve hours' ride, covering thirty miles, was over. Three occupying a Chinese cart crowds it, the best you can do. Do you ask, why do you not have an extra cart and go by yourself? Well, this time I was trying to take some women to another place, in order to get as much as possible done before the wheat harvest. Then it costs so much to hire a cart (\$2.50 for such a trip), and the church only owns two carts. The church members met us most cordially, and lighted cornstalks for us to warm ourselves by. The next day the class was started. Here at Pai Yüeh they have a nice chapel, and it is quite convenient. Last year the brick floor was not laid, and we were in dust two inches deep. My room is about twenty-five feet square. A curtain gives me less than half the room for my own use, and the rest is occupied by the two women who are in charge of the class, and two others who have come from outside villages to read. An army cot, my food box, a bench for my telescope grip to rest on and a chair are the furnishings for my room. Some carrots for the class are in one corner, and some charcoal in the other. I am very comfortable. This morning I had a cup of millet porridge, some warmed-over meat and potatoes, and toast. When I start out I take as much prepared food as I think will keep, and work it over in a variety of ways. If the food I have is not good, I have only myself to blame. I think I am a fairly good cook, and I enjoy my two meals very much, if the time is not too long. A month or six weeks is long enough for one time. During that length of time I get some fresh supplies from home. The markets afford meat and eggs, and one could live with a good deal of variety.

According to our daily program, at seven o'clock, before breakfast, we study Scripture verses together, and the members of the class are expected to commit them to memory. They are written in large characters and tacked on the wall. Among the verses for this class are, "God so loved the world." "I will arise and go to my Father." "How long halt ye between two opinions." "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." "Be not conformed to this world." "I will give them a new heart." I think the mention of these verses will make you feel that any effort to teach them to those who have never heard them before must be worth while.

On the front bench are four old women, who are very dull about learning. Mrs. Yü the Bible woman, who is very tall, stands before them, and patiently goes over and over the words. I am helping four women, to whom the words and thoughts are entirely new, and back of us are a

dozen women and girls who are being taught by two other women. Most of them can read many of the characters. It reminds me of a beehive, and I feel sure that those who are busy are going to get some of the sweets out of the Word. I say to myself, "Don't hurry about breakfast, this is not wasted time." After a song and prayer the meal of millet porridge is brought in. The order this year is much better than last year, for both we and the women have learned some things. (I am on my way to Tu Chia Chuang, where a class has been started, and I am writing a draft of this letter to you in the cart. We are passing through apricot orchards; the trees are in full blossom, and so beautiful, and the air fragrant with their perfume.)

Last evening I had a prayer with the two new women, who have never been in a station class before, leading them in a sentence prayer, and they following. One has heard a little more than the other, and after I went to my room, I heard her trying to lead the other. Good it is that the loving Father does not require eloquent words, nor any set form from his children.

One noon we were waiting for the cakes to get steamed through so I said to the children, "Form a circle, and we will have a game." The yard is very small, but we managed "drown the duck," and "drop the handkerchief," for a short time, much to the amusement and profit of all.

Mrs. Yü, the Bible woman, was careless and left her fine comb on the window sill, and a small girl picked it up. Fortunately I saw it in a child's hand, but supposing it was hers, said nothing. The next morning when Mrs. Yü was hunting for it, and fretting about it, I told her where I had seen it. When the little girls came, I called them into my room, and told them about the missing comb, telling them I wanted it at once, and off they went, returning soon with the comb. Had I not seen it as I did we might have ever so much trouble to get hold of it. I gave the children a short sermon on keeping what does not belong to you before trying to find the owner. One of these little girls is eleven years old. She was betrothed when five or six years old. We trust the seeds of truth now sown in her heart may bring forth thirty or sixty, yes, a hundredfold in the years to come. Seven-year-old Shan Ying is a dear little girl, always neat and clean, and reads nicely. She will be a suitable candidate for school some day. Four girls who read in one of the classes last year, entered the Lintsing school this spring. When I visited their village a few days ago, I found their mothers had begun to attend Sunday services.

One day a dull woman was trying to learn a little prayer, and was struggling over the two characters for "now," "at the present time" (Chinese *hsien chin*, pronounced *hsi-an chin*). I say "hsi-an chin," and

she says "hsin (sin) chin." Again I say "hsi-an chin" and again she says "hsin chin." Then I make another effort, and she says "Oh hsi-an chin, I'll remember it," and she does until the next time, when it still is "hsin chin." If I told her once, I told her a dozen times. However she will get it some day, and many a stupid woman has learned to pray in this way. It requires a great deal of loving patience to do such teaching. I do not wonder the teachers are glad when a class is over. There are many bright women and girls who compensate for the comparatively few very dull ones.

A woman who does not make an effort to read a little, will simply nod her head with a half-intelligence all her life—at least so it seems to me. We cannot afford to have a second generation of ignorant women in the church. For this reason we must teach the younger and older women in their homes in some way.

I trust these pictures may make this form of work more interesting to you, and that you will continue your help toward it, by your prayers as well as by your money.

MISSIONARY ACCELERATION. One hundred years, 1796-1896, to win the first million converts. Twelve years, 1896-1908, to win the second million. Three years, 1908-1911, to win half of the third million. A million a year is a possibility if the church lives up to the present opportunity.—*The Helping Hand.*

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for July, 1911.

MISS MARY C. MCCLEES, Treasurer, 57 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Cal.

Earned on Bank Account, 24 45

CALIFORNIA.

Receipts for Regular Work.

Northern California Branch.—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 3073 Bateman St., Berkeley, Benecia, 3; Berkeley, North, 27.32; Mills College, 25; Oakland, First (*Jubilee* Gift of Mrs. Margaret Fowler, 1,000), (Gift of Mrs. M. A. Brewer, making Mrs. Geo. W. Hinman a Life Member W. B. M. P., 25), 1,085; Pilgrim, C. E., 15; San Francisco, First, 15; San José, First, 125; San Mateo (to expenses of Field Sec.), 50 cts.; Stockton, 66.91; Yreka, 2.50, 1,365 23
Less expenses, 17 73
Total, 1,347 50

Receipts for Special Work.

For Doshisha Bd. Fund. From Oakland, First, Gift of Mrs. M. Fowler, 500, Gift of Mrs. M. A. Brewer, 100, 600 00
Total Rec'pts for Reg. and Spec. Work, 1,947 50

Southern California Branch.—Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena, Highland, Aux., 35; Los Angeles, Plymouth, Aux., 40; Pasadena, First, Aux., 21; Riverside, Aux., 44; San Diego, First, Aux., 13.50; San Luis Obispo, World Study Club, 10.50, 164 00
Less Extra paid Miss Nina Rice, 90 80
Less Expenses, 40 00
Total, 33 20

IDAHO.

Idaho Branch.—Mrs. W. S. Phelps, Treas., 111 West Jefferson St., Boise. Weiser, Aux., 20 00

OREGON.

Oregon Branch.—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 W. Park, Portland. Eugene, Aux., 2.10; Hillside, Aux., 25; Hubbard, Aux., 5; Wilsonville, Mrs. Brobst, 5; University Park, Aux., 5; Gaston, Aux., 15; Portland, First, 79 80, 136 90

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THE CHURCH IN SMYRNA

BY MRS. R. G. MCNAUGHTON

It is a bright Sunday morning in the busy city of Smyrna. The streets are full of people, Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Jews, some on their way to work, others sitting in their open shops. Men are bringing in loads of produce from the country and the street venders are calling out their wares. We are in the heart of a busy Eastern city.

In many of the large Greek and Armenian churches the priests are chanting the services to their congregations. Turks and Jews have had their days of rest, on Friday and Saturday just passed.

It is nine o'clock and a bell from the Protestant chapel is giving the first call for morning worship, a half hour before the service begins.

Within the church, the front seats are already filled by a number of young boys and girls, and the missionary's wife is singing with them the new hymn with which they are to open the Armenian service. At half past nine the Armenian pastor, Mr. Adanalian, comes into the pulpit and the first service of the day is conducted in the Armenian language, with a congregation completely filling the church. The service is continued for an hour.

Just before its close, a group of young men come in and take a front seat in the church. They are Greeks, and the leader, an earnest young man, is testifying to his love for Christ among his associates, in a way that is most encouraging, but he is awakening opposition among those who are the enemies of the cross of Christ, and we fear that persecution awaits him.

He has come early to church to-day and brought three companions with him. The Greek service follows immediately after the Armenian, and is held in the same audience room. Before the close of the first service, the church door is crowded with the members of the Greek congregation waiting to come in, and as the Armenians pass out, the Greeks take their places. The young man is warmly greeted by those of us who know his story and encouraged to hold on and remain firm to the Truth.

As the Armenian Protestants go through the streets to their homes in the neighborhood of the church, they meet their Greek friends and neighbors, coming from their homes to the chapel. There is a spirit of love and good-fellowship among them strangely foreign to many of the people of different nationalities who live in this country. While the Greek service is going on, the missionary gathers her Armenian choir in another building and for an hour practices hymns with them. In all of the services at the church, the boys and girls from the college and Collegiate Institute are in good attendance.

The early afternoon hours are given up to Sunday-school work. These Sunday schools are four in number, two for Armenian children, led by Mr. Tracy and Miss Pohl, and two for Greek children, in one of which the children are nearly all Protestant children. The other school is carried on against great opposition, for children who know little of the Truth.

At two o'clock a service in English is held at the college and is attended by boys and girls from the schools who know that language. Friends from outside also attend this service. A break of half an hour, between the English service and the next, which is held in the church, gives time for a little rest, and at half past three the Armenian congregation again assembles in the church to listen to a sermon in Turkish, which language is understood by most of the people coming from interior cities. Many strangers are seen at this hour. After this service closes, the bell rings once more and again the Greeks assemble for their vesper service. The Greek pastor is Dr. Moschos, who has labored earnestly for nineteen years in Smyrna. At half past six we enter the doors of the girls' school where two Christian Endeavor meetings are being carried on, largely attended and very earnest in their tone.

Over at the college at half past seven, the boys have a service of song and an earnest talk by the missionary in charge. It is good to see boys of all nationalities joining heartily in the hymns, and quickly learning many new ones. At the church at the same hour, the young men of the Armenian congregation are gathering for their Y. M. C. A. meeting, while at

the house of the Greek pastor, the young Greek Protestants and their friends gather for song and a meeting which is of great help to all present. And so each busy Sunday comes and goes and much precious seed is sown.

Pray for the work and the workers of the church in Smyrna and for the multitudes without, who have not heard the Word of Truth, that they too may find Him who alone gives eternal life.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS

BY ROSAMOND BATES

A Japanese Visit.—Upon entering the house, we wait in the entry and call to attract attention until we are admitted. Following the Japanese custom of removing the *geta*, we leave our shoes at the entry, so as not to desecrate the clean soft straw mats with street soil. On the farther side of the reception room you notice a niche with a raised floor, and in it a stand holding a handsome vase, or an arrangement of flowers. This is the best place, and near it the guest of honor will be invited to sit, but first we take seats near the door, as it is a careless breach to cross to this place uninvited. Seats are on the floor, of course, but cushions are provided, which one must not be overeager to accept. Japanese do not rise to “make their manners,” but slip off from their cushions and bow very low, with palms spread on the floor.

A Meal.—A dinner is not served in courses, but on a square tray, with the conventional arrangement of chopsticks in front, rice-bowl on the left, soup-bowl on the right, fish usually behind the soup-bowl, pickles in the center, and other things arranged arbitrarily. We first remove the covers from our rice-bowls, and offer the bowls to our hostess, who fills them; the dinner does not begin until rice is served; then, holding the chopsticks in the right hand, and moistening them in the soup, we begin with rice and soup. The soup may be drunk, and any of the dishes may be raised in the hand. This is convenient, as it shortens the length of the precarious journey by chopsticks. There is not a fixed order, but it is customary not to go from one dish to another without taking rice between. While the rice-bowl is being replenished, we do not eat, but wait, with chopsticks down, the handles resting on the edge of the tray. When dinner is finished and the rice-bowls eaten clean, we take tea in our bowls, and wash the chopsticks, wipe them with paper, place them flat inside the tray, and bow to the host. The low bow of farewell is made in the hallway before

putting on our wraps and shoes: these we find straightened and turned outward, in the fashion of the *geta* of a Japanese guest.

Presents are given on all important occasions, and are wrapped in white paper in an established style, tied with a red and gold string, and presented with a small paper gift-mark (*noshi*) attached. The Japanese are punctilious about acknowledging presents or favors: sometimes this acknowledgment takes the form of a present in return. The nature of Japanese gifts varies, but useful presents, *i. e.*, clothes and food, are very common in all walks of life. When a child is born, a suitable present is goods for clothing, flannel, etc. It is customary for such presents to be acknowledged by a return gift on the thirtieth day. This present frequently takes the form of a prepared dish of red beans.

Appropriate wedding gifts are such staples of food as dried fish or seaweed, or silk wadding for winter clothes. In the case where the young couple is establishing a new household, presents for the home are in keeping.

At a time of death, cakes or money are appropriate gifts. These are acknowledged the forty-ninth day afterward by a return gift of cakes.

In connection with presents, something ought to be said about the universal use of the *furoshiki*, the Japanese substitute for wrapping paper or for a bag. Its nearest American equivalent is the bandanna, but the use of the *furoshiki* is far more extensive. If one goes shopping and carries a parcel, it is wrapped in a *furoshiki*, and each purchase is successively included in the bundle. If one carries a Bible to church (and everyone does—and a hymnal too—and some of us a dictionary and an English Bible) it is quite unsuitable not to wrap it in a *furoshiki*. If a tradesman is delivering his goods, they are wrapped in a *furoshiki*, which of course he takes with him on his return. And if one is delivering or sending a gift, what *could* take the place of a *furoshiki*? The parcel in its *furoshiki* is most often delivered upon a tray, which must be returned afterward, with the *furoshiki*, and inside it a couple of sheets of paper of an established size, with the significance that it is hoped the relations will continue such that presents will be exchanged again. But in giving a wedding present, the string is tied in a hard knot, symbolic of the hoped-for permanence of the marriage: and with the same significance, no paper is returned in the *furoshiki*.

Furoshikis are of every kind and size, from huge calico or canvas squares which the coolies tie around large boxes or baskets and over their shoulders, to delicate fifteen-inch squares of crepe, which fine ladies carry on dress

occasions. The most general fashion is a thirty-inch square of cashmere. They have usually the crest of the owner, or his trade-mark, and are often further decorated by patterns, which are quaint and interesting in the extreme. Fashions change, and many ladies are particular about carrying this year's color.

New Year.—As in China, the opening of the New Year is a most felicitous time, and busy are the preparations for it. All business affairs must be settled, houses must be cleaned and decorated, presents are exchanged with all one's friends, and post cards with almost everyone you ever dealt with. For three days no one goes to work, and everyone devotes himself to feasting, and to receiving and making calls. The women are seldom able to be away from home being in demand to dispense hospitality to their husband's callers. Since, by the old custom, wine was served to every caller, and never declined, he who wished to keep his head until the last call was wise enough in most cases only to leave his card without stopping—an entirely regular proceeding. Everyone exchanges congratulations with everyone else, and expresses the wish that the present happy relations (and at that time all relations seem to be happy) may remain unchanged.

Formal calls are exchanged on many other occasions—when a person or family has met with special good fortune, or with adversity; specifically, at such times as the birth of a child, graduation, upon hearing of an illness or death, or that the friend has encountered fire, flood or theft. When moving into a new neighborhood, it is customary for the newcomer to make the advance of calling upon his immediate neighbors, and upon the landlord, if he live near by. Customs differ in different regions, but in Tokyo the custom prevails of sending a present of *soba*, or vermicelli to the immediate neighbors.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

Miss Rachel E. Coan writes from Satara, India:—

I am so glad that we can tell these people of India that ours is a gospel of comfort. Just this morning when I went with Miss Nugent to visit in one of the Hindu schools in the city, a poor old woman came in to tell her that her little boy had died. He had formerly been a pupil in this school, and weeping, she pointed to the place where he used to sit, and told Miss Nugent that it was because God was angry with her that this great grief had come to her. Of course she meant her heathen god, and not God. Miss Nugent tried to comfort her, but right in the middle of a lesson was not the time or place to have much of a talk with her. We are going to visit her

home soon and the homes of the children in that school, and talk with them.

I do enjoy going into these little schools for Hindu children. We went into the girls' school also, and saw a whole row of little tots, anywhere from five to ten years old, sitting on the mud floor in a row against the wall, their slates in front of them.

They are such dear little things even though ragged and dirty. Most of the little faces were bright and intelligent, and their eyes are so big and dark and their teeth so white, and they are so friendly, though very shy, that one could not help loving the mites. Oh, the pity of it, that most of them had on their foreheads the mark that means either betrothal or marriage.

Two of the larger ones, Miss Nugent said, are just being married, and had on each arm a dozen or so of green bangles. You know the marriage ceremonies last for weeks, and these are put on at a certain stage of the proceedings, then later are broken off and others put on.

Miss Nugent and I left Mahableshtar three weeks ago, driving down the mountains to Satara in a *tonga*, a drive of some thirty-five miles. The heat down here was a decided contrast to the cool fresh air of the hills, but very soon after we arrived there was a drenching rain which cooled the atmosphere nicely, and it has not been very hot since. After a week or so, the monsoon broke, and since then it has been raining most of the time, some days being only misty, and others very wet indeed. Just now we are having an interval of sunshine, though even now we do not dare to venture out without rain clothes.

This is a beautiful place, and I am very fortunate to be here during the rains instead of in Bombay. It is very quiet and there is nothing to interfere with my studying. There are many days when I speak to no one all day except my two *pandits*, the woman who comes to me for conversation lessons, and Miss Nugent. I do not see Miss Nugent much except at meals until after dinner, when we either sit down and read or make little garments for some of these poor babies.

Friends of Mrs. Webster of Bailundu, West Central Africa, hearing of the efforts the native Christian people were making to secure a bell for their church, sent a gift toward the fund, and have received in reply the following letter of appreciation from Abraham Nglulu:—

My greetings I send to you, so that you may know better the things we have here in this country. Concerning us of Cimbili, I have thought, my friend, what shall we do? We are a large crowd now, the families that have

built in my village are thirteen—a family in this country means the whole relationship. So, of families there are many. Because we saw that they—meaning the people in surrounding villages—no longer heard the ox horn, we men have given money, and all the women gave corn. With the corn we bought a cow; that was the gift of the women of our village toward the bell. And I rejoice greatly at the gift of our women, for we know that though a person has nothing if he desires to give to God—though he has nothing, he can still give his life. Each will receive his reward in heaven.

I came to Cilume—the home station—to partake of the communion of our Lord Jesus. Mrs. Webster told me, her brother and sisters and their little daughter had given money to help with our bell. Therefore I send very many thanks, we rejoice greatly at the kindness you have done us, and we will persevere. Although we cannot see you with our eyes, still our prayers are heard and when our work is finished here on earth, we will meet with our Lord Jesus in the glory that has no end. Pray for us and we will also pray for the faith that binds us closer than anything else. At our place in Cimbili the people have much zeal to learn the Word of God. We long for more teachers so that they could go oftener to all the villages. But they cannot now because they find plenty of work in this place. We pray for strength to help our teachers. This is my message to you and yours. We rejoice because of the gift you have given us; it is very great. We thank you very much. The peace of God rest with you and your house, and with us until we meet above.”

A MESSAGE FROM BAILUNDU, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA

BY MRS. MARION M. WEBSTER

We are full in kindergarten, over an hundred enrolled. We could have more if we had room for them. But every one of the fourteen benches are full and all the available space is occupied. We shall be obliged to have a new building before long. The old one, which is the oldest building on the station, is not only too small, but will not stand much longer. Last year, during the very heavy rain, it settled badly at one end, and has to be propped from the outside to keep from going to pieces. The other schools are well attended and the work is going smoothly and pleasantly. Miss Helen Stover, though she has been here only a little over a year, is taking quite a bit of school work which is a great help.

During vacation I spent nearly three weeks at Ciyaka and enjoyed very much my visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ennis. I was glad to see the station,

the country and something of the work. They are at the beginning, and with only two workers, things do not move rapidly. However, much has already been accomplished.

The people heretofore seem not to have been touched much by the civilization of the country, and are more steeped in heathenism and superstition than in some other parts. Now they are fast becoming introduced to the ways of the white man, not altogether to their advantage, I am sorry to say.

A church has been organized, and the numbers in the station are growing. The women have been unusually hard to reach, but are beginning to respond quite encouragingly. In August, at the invitation of Mrs. Ennis, some of our church women spent two weeks among the women of the villages, with, they hope, good results. To see and talk with women who had accepted the "Words" was a revelation to them. Then, too, they knew how to meet argument with argument, answer their questionings and objections and explain things, as the teachers, with their somewhat limited knowledge of the language and understanding of the native mind, cannot.

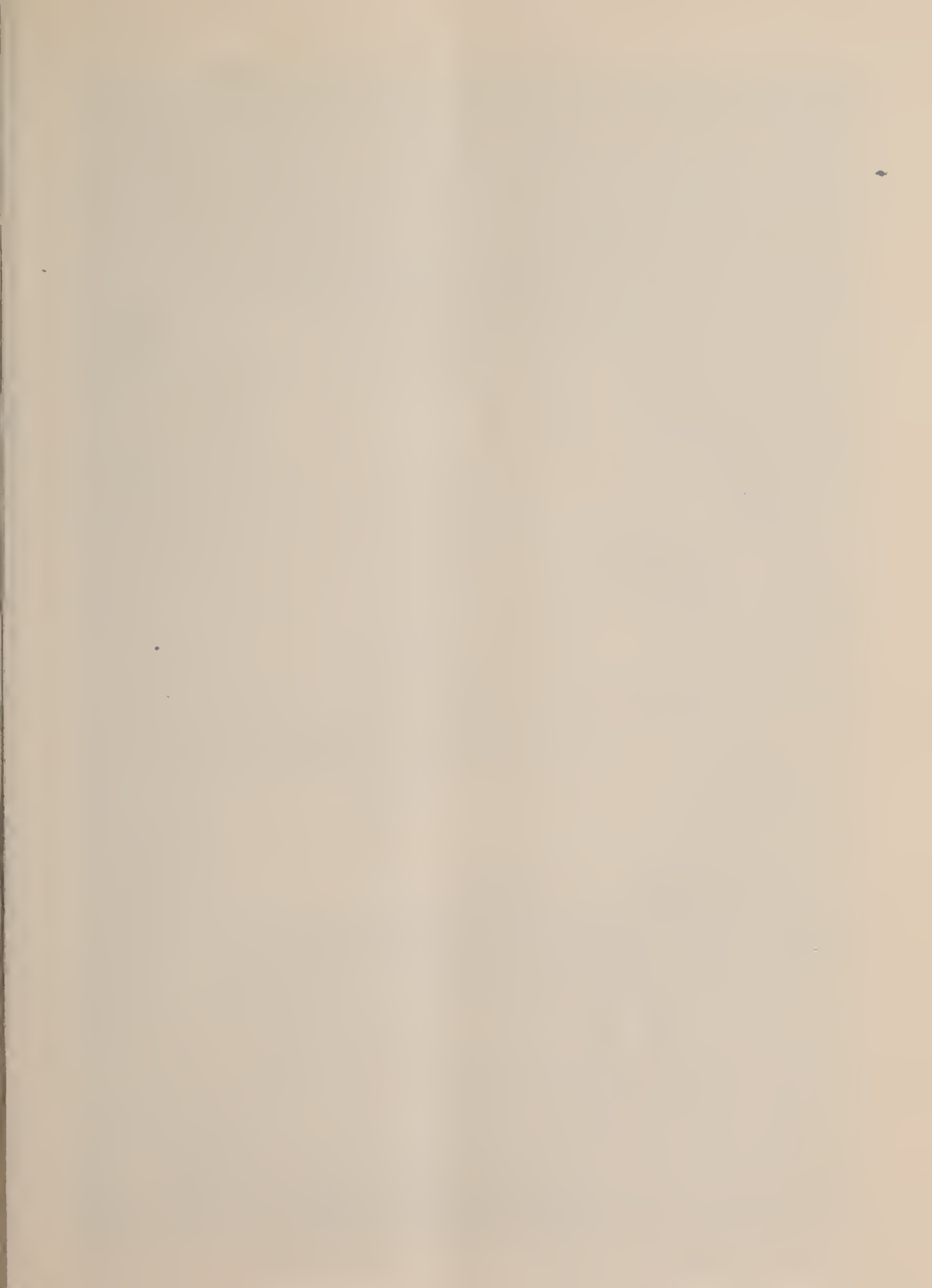
They are only about ten miles from the railroad. Work on the road is stopped now, the contract being completed, but it is expected that another contract will be given out, and work resumed early next year. Trains run regularly from Lobito, the seaport to *kuma*—rail head—twice a week. When the road is extended our nearest point will be about twenty-five miles from here, we think, but we cannot tell definitely as yet.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR

MRS. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10, TO AUGUST 10, 1911.

COLORADO	\$341 00	Previously acknowledged, less Chicago Ass'n, \$25	\$51,812 74
ILLINOIS	2,151 52	Total since October, 1910	\$57,716 05
INDIANA	61 20	GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND.	
IOWA	540 84	Receipts for the month	\$757 75
KANSAS	134 50	Previously acknowledged	3,801 04
MICHIGAN	472 65	Total since October, 1910	\$4,558 79
MINNESOTA	246 75	BUILDING FUND.	
MISSOURI	292 33	Receipts for the month	\$768 12
NEBRASKA	271 20	Previously acknowledged	10,372 82
NORTH DAKOTA	78 32	Total since October, 1910	\$11,140 94
OHIO	433 40	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
OKLAHOMA	43 38	Receipts for the month	\$20 50
SOUTH DAKOTA	100 97	Previously acknowledged	901 64
WISCONSIN	386 51	Total since October, 1910	\$922 14
ARKANSAS	7 50	MISS FLORA STARR, Asst. Treas.	
FLORIDA	35 00		
IDAHO	6 00		
PENNSYLVANIA	30 00		
TEXAS	89 48		
CHINA	12 00		
TURKEY	31 26		
MISCELLANEOUS	137 50		
Receipts for the month	\$5,903 31		

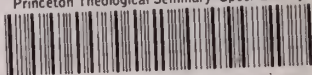


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